THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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For the Lily.

LIFE.

'Tis sometimes said that Life is all a dream,
That we have nought to do, but passively to wait;
And when the tide goes out, embark.
No compass, helm, or pilot; our destination
Where the waves perchance may carry us ashore,
And when the tide returns, go with it,
Lest Time in his advance, leave us to follow in the rear.
For what we live, or why, we never stop to think,
But onward press, expecting soon the end to find
Because we cannot rule ourselves in every point,
We cast aside the little power we might maintain,
And yield ourselves to every fleeting gale.
'Tis true that we are nought; unable to direct
Or rule our lives according to our will,
And yet 'tis true that we have arduous labor to perform—
And many scenes are calling us in them to bear a part.
By constant care and toil, we may control
The numerous events which must befall us here,
And bring them in accordance with our own desires.
We act, and then must answer for the deed—
We rest in idleness, and must abide the end.
Life is not a dream. It is all reality.
For every hour in all its course there is employ—
And every task adapted to our own capacity.
He who prides himself in living at his ease,
And boasts that he moves not, save when the world
Suggests, and carries him resistlessly along,
Serves not the end for which he was designed—
But he who nooly acts, and guides himself aright,
Directs his bark, and makes the tide contribute aid,
Will safely land in goodly ports, advance in unison
With time, and keeping pace with wind and tide,
All in nature he will find subservient to his will;
Every act for him designed, he will perform—
And all his life will be a glad reality. E. R.

THE DOVE OF THE STORM.

BY DORA M'NEILLE.

Gently and quietly the night folded his wing over a pleasant home among the Green Mountains, where a happy circle were gathered round a blazing fire of maple wood. It was one of those old fashioned homesteads of which every one has a bright ideal; tall trees bent over it as if to shelter the young hearts that beat happily under that roof, and peacefully, even as the birds that sung to them through the long summer days, dwelt the little mountaineers in their secluded home. Their parents had now been absent a week on a visit to friends at a distance, though it was mid-winter, and the broad evergreen forests were thickly covered with snow. They were not the people who spend in pleasure the loveliest season God has given us, for little thought could they take of journeying for amusement when the rich fruit and waving grain were ripening fast for them to gather.

It was the farmer's season for flitting now; the harvest moon had long since waned, and left rich stores in barn and granary. There were stalwart boys to leave at home, who knew right well what care was needful; and the parents had not feared to leave the little band alone without any protection but their own innocence, and the care of Him in whom they trusted.

Trained as they had been, to brave all storm and danger, caring lightly for either, the hardy children had enjoyed the independence of being "left to taking care of themselves," as James Graham had expressed it, and now they were recounting all the home duties they had performed, for the absent ones were expected home that night, and each little heart beat happily in the consciousness of having done right.

"Well," said James, "I guess father don't expect to find the corn all husked, when he gets home."

"No, nor the old shed all boarded up so nicely," said Richard.

"What have you got to tell father, Annie?" said James to a little gentle creature, who looked like a white morning glory with blue eyes.

"Oh, I shall tell father how good we've all been, and how I helped you feed the lambs every day."

"You'll tell him we've been good, too, won't you, cousin Marian?" asked Richard, for the roguish boy began to remember certain instances of his teasing and fun which he thought might not sound very well in the account.

A gay and brilliant girl was cousin Marian, who had escaped from the dull restraint of city life, for a little while to enjoy the freedom she loved. Oh, it was strange how she could leave a sphere of gayety and fashion, where she was the brightest star, to sit on that old stone hearth in the farmer's kitchen, to crack butternuts or help pare apples till her little white hands looked black enough; but she did love it, and dearly they all loved her, she was so gifted and so kind, so winning to all; and then, as James said, she was a first rate hand at making candy and popping corn.

But Marian Norville was not genteel, indeed she wasn't; for she had rather play the romping games of the country girls, or coast with James Graham, of a moon-light night, than dance the bewitching polka in her splendid city home; and why should she not? for the shadows of old bending trees tremble on the frozen lake, and the moon shines brighter there than gas-light does in a crowded room, on beauty which God did not make. Perhaps, too, Marian had holier thoughts than of mere enjoyment, for every night she had gathered the children around her, and with them repeated a prayer so earnest in its few simple words, that their young eyes closed reverently as they knelt, all her mirth and gayety were for a few moments forgotten.

Now as she sat on a rude, low seat, with Annie's sweet face resting in her lap, the glowing fire-light lit up her face with the truest gladness, as she answered Richard:

"Yes, coz, you've been good almost all the time, but—"

While she was speaking the whole group was startled by a low distinct rapping on the window pane, and there, with its white breast close against the glass, was a trembling dove, picking the frost-covered window, as if it plead for shelter amid the driving storm. All the children ran eagerly to the door, and Richard laid the dove gently and carefully in Marian's hand. The flickering light of the candle shone far out on the lonely road, and dimly showed two figures all wreathed in the falling snow. It was unusual in that lonely place to see strangers passing thus at night, and the ever restless Richard exclaimed:

"You carry in the dove and warm it, and I will run out and see who they are."

Beautiful looked that half-frozen dove to the kind ones who had rescued it. As it nestled close in Marian's bosom, there was a gleam in its opening eyes that seemed almost human, so earnestly it told of gratitude and content. They all smoothed the ruffled white plumes caressingly, talking all the while to "Dovie," as if it knew their meaning. They scarcely heeded the entrance of Richard until he said:

"Those folks were beggars, and wanted that we should keep 'em over night, but I told 'em, as father always does, that every town took care of its own poor, and if they stayed at home they needn't suffer."

"Who were they? how did they look? where did they come from?" inquired they all at once.

"Oh, they looked bad enough; there was an old man, and a girl as big as Marian, and they came from some place down below that I never heard of before. The old codger said he was going to see his brother up north, but I guess he made up that story."

"Why, Dick, I didn't think you'd turn off an old man and a poor shivering girl, in such a night as this;" and as James spoke he went to the window, adding, "I don't think father and mother will come, it storms so; if they are on the way they'll put up some where."

"The old man's breath smelt of rum," answered Richard, "and if he can buy that, he can buy a lodging. I did pity the girl, to be sure, for when I told them the tavern was two miles off, she said, 'Oh dear, that seems a great ways.'"

"Father says it's only encouraging folks to drink, if you do anything for them when they wander about so," continued Richard.

He did indeed repeat an oft-heard sentiment of his father's, when he said, for, though a worthy man in most respects, Mr. Graham was one of those who "remember the poor" only so far as the sufferers are good and virtuous, and struggling hard to support themselves.

But the holier and better feelings of his wife had given the children other feelings, and Richard's conscience smote him when little Annie quietly said:

"Mother wouldn't have sent them away if the man did drink rum."

"You promised us a story, cousin Marian,"

said Richard, glad to turn from a painful subject; "tell us about old times, I like those best."

"Tell about a war," said James.

"About Indians," said Fred.

"About when you was a little girl like me," said Annie.

"Tell us about something you never told us before," said a quiet boy in one corner.

If the gifted Marian had one power in perfection, it was that highly valued but rare gift of telling stories. There was a long low seat in the kitchen, which they called a "settle." It answered the purpose of a wood-box and sofa in the winter evenings, and being painted bright red and varnished, it looked like a good natured face in front of the fire.

On this the children used to sit for hours and listen to cousin Marian's enchanting stories, which were usually the thrilling realities of history dressed in her own glowing thoughts. Sometimes she recited an old fairy tale, or some wild legend of early times, but to-night the white-plumed dove lay lovingly by her, and her eyes rested sadly on its trembling breast, as it uttered those low moaning sounds, which nothing on earth can equal in plaintive sadness. Marian's heart beat time to the mournful notes, for there were noble feelings striving against her woman's fearfulness; thoughts of poor sufferers in that wild storm, of their peril, and it might be of their death. She rose resolutely and said:

"I am going to find those beggars."

As she spoke she began to wrap a shawl around her, while her lovely face glowed with courageous feeling.

"Don't go," pleaded little Annie, "you'll be all buried up in snow."

"God will take care of me, Annie," she answered, laying the blue-eyed dove in the child's lap.

"You shall not go alone, cousin Marian," said Richard, whose better feelings were awakened by a little reflection.

"I'll carry the lantern," said James, for rough boy as he was, he knew how to admire her heroic resolution, and he knew the peril of such an errand.

While they are hastily wrapping coats and cloaks around them, we will follow the beggars on their lonely path.

* * * * * * *

"That house looked some like our old home, didn't it, pa," said the pale, sad-hearted girl, as she looked back on the lighted house where shelter had been refused them; "oh, how I wish we were back where we used to live," she added, as the old man walked on silently.

"You have forgotten, havn't you, that the old place don't belong to us now?" he answered harshly; "don't worry about it, for we can't help it now."

"I know it," said she sadly, "we have no home any where."

Oh, how mournfully those simple words were spoken, bearing the tale of a young heart crushed and blighted, of young hopes chilled forever. It touched the heart of the hardened father, and he drew his motherless child close to his side, murmuring:

"Poor dove, poor Isabel!"

Aye, the beggar-girl bore that proud name, and she had graced it in happier days, when her father was an honored and a trusted man, when the noblest vessel on the broad lakes was his own, before rum had ruined a God-like intellect and wasted a princely fortune.

It was dark now in those hearts, even as on God's earth, and their path was lost. Faster came down the blinding snow, and in their utter desolation the wanderers at last sat down, unable to proceed, and weary with exertion. And now the neglected Isabel lay folded in the bosom of the father whose fallen fortunes she had so devotedly followed, and hot tears fell from his eyes on her pale face.

"Isabel, darling, can you forgive me that I have deprived you of love and home, and every thing on earth? Can you forgive me for being a drunkard?"

"Oh, father, do not talk of those things now; I am happy in dying with you, my dear, dear father."

Shadowy phantoms gathered dimly round the repenting man, pointing far back to a lost home and character, to the grave of a broken-hearted wife, and to the fast closing eye-lids of his gentle daughter. Broken words of agony and contrition, mingled with the hollow dirge that the old trees sung over the dying.

Isabel's eyes were shut: the father knew it by bending his cheek down till it touched hers, and he felt almost glad that he saw not the closing of those gentle eyes, so many a weary day had cheered him since poverty and drunkenness had driven him out to beg for daily bread; they were clear and blue as the waters of their own beloved lake, and they ever looked kindly on him. Now they were closed; the eyes of her weary spirit were opened, and she saw such white-winged angels as had often floated dimly through her dreams, and sun-bright flowers and gushing fountains, and dwellings of wondrous beauty were before her.

They were perishing; though Isabel has earnestly longed to die, as she revives a little from the death-lethargy, she nestles closer to her father's bosom, and feels it sad to lay down a young life there in the dreary tempest, so far from all of life and sympathy—and once more she gazes round and sees the wild clouds parting slowly, and one star trembling in its distant home. No, 'tis not a star, 'tis a light, and there are sounding footsteps and cheerful voices near.

The father roused himself at her hurried words, but they were too nearly exhausted to call help. Marian heard a faint cry as of one perishing; it was just like the moaning notes of a dove.

"Here, Richard, this way with the lantern!" she exclaimed as she bounded over the snowdrift by which the wanderers lay. They saw a bright face bending over them, and felt that life was yet theirs. Marian seemed suddenly gifted with skill and energy to restore them, and the boys could hardly believe they saw their wild cousin in the snow-wreathed figure before them. She poured warm cordials on the colorless lips of the old man, while James took the light figure of Isabel in his arms and wrapped her in his own coat. She smiled faintly in gratitude, and entreated him to go to her father; but he was already standing by his preserver, anxiously inquiring for his daughter. The whole party now heard the sound of approaching sleigh-bells, and Richard joyfully exclaimed:

"'Tis father and mother!"

Though startled to see so strange a group by the road-side, the parents soon understood all, and the old man was comfortably placed in the sleigh, while the rest followed in his track homeward. James would not give up his rescued charge, and leaning on his strong arm, with cousin Marian's ever joyous words of hope in her ear, Isabel felt like one waking to a new life.

It was late on that eventful night when the blazing fire went out on the hearth, and all were asleep. In vain they sought for the rescued dove; it had flown, none knew whither, for little Annie had fallen asleep while the others were away.

Morning brought new bloom to Isabel, but not so to her father. A few days he lingered, and those who watched tenderly by the dying, saw the flashing forth of a glorious intellect even in decay. When the next Sabbath sun was setting, the sun of his life went down also, not in clouds and darkness, but surrounded by a holy light, even that of hope and trust in heaven.

And what became of the orphan, Isabel? They took the sweet bird to their own nest, and she became a gentle sister for the little Annie, a loved daughter to her protectors, and when five bright summers had flown lightly by, she became the happy wife of James Graham.

Never was bridal graced by fairer guest than the light-hearted and lovely Marian; and though the white dove never returned to nestle in her bosom again, she always called Isabel, in the language of her own heart-romance, THE DOVE OF THE STORM.

☞ The French Government has prohibited the distillation of grain into Alcohol. Pity the United States Government can't do the same.

Written for The Lily.

HARPER'S EDITOR AND THE WOMEN.

NO. VII.

To a thinking mind of liberal habits, it is naturally the subject of melancholy reflection, that a Journal like Harper's, should be made the conduit of the stale debauchees of conservatism. It is so, because, among other reasons, its only principle inculcated, is abhorrent and loathsome to everything of human improvement. Its only principle—for look at it in whatever manner you please, it has only one—is a blind devotion to the dogmas and customs of the past. Conservatism always strives to make out, that "the chief end of man is (not) to glorify God and enjoy him forever;" not to correct the errors and avoid the faults of predecessors; but to depart from their tracks as little as possible; that human perfection is not to be approximated by progression, but by retrogression; that we should all back up against the future and struggle with might and main to preserve a *Status* at least, and, what is more highly commendable, retrogade, if possible. Hence the Editor, from the fullness of his heart, applauds the gallantry of the Common law of England, as it existed two centuries since, which gallantry was chiefly distinguished for subjecting wives to blows and stripes as means of marital authority; and, what he professes to like better, the still greater comparative degradation in the more barbarian days of the Apostle to the Gentiles, when the woman and the ass were fellow-companions in toil. And hence he condemns, in terms of sarcastic horror, the abrogation of woman's servitude to man, because, as he says, "it would destroy not only that essential idea of harmony involved in the construction of the Christian ecclesia, but also that sacred similitude through which the Apostle traces the bridal relation of the Church herself to her spiritual Lord and Head."

It is not only flattering, but it must be consoling, to the women who stitch and sew and fuss and pucker to sustain such an "ecclesia," that it is founded upon their own slavery and debasement, and, that its priestly advocates suck much of their vital nourishment from woman's sweat and toil. It is a magnificently benevolent idea, an "ecclesia" based upon the slavery of the female part of the human race. And it is attended with magnificent results. Brainless boys and long-legged boobies of more antiquity, are thereby enabled to sport the dignity of master—for no other reason, but because the customs of society permit them to wear pantaloons and the "ecclesia" vests that garment with its panoply of divine authority. In contemplation of such discriminating consequences, no wonder the Editor belches forth his indignant sensibilities in a spirit worthy of a brotherhood of thieves, as in the following question: "But what care these platform brawlers for sacred similitudes and spiritual analogies?"

In giving birth to that exclamatory question, he seems to have relieved his religious horrors, for he immediately dismounts from his ecclesiastical stilts and discourses in more mundane style as follows: "A true spiritual equality, as we have seen, is best promoted by the Apostle's notion of keeping each sex within its allotted sphere. It is the only way of avoiding that unnatural mixture of habits, of office, of employments, of dress, which would soon bring on a moral degredation and through this, as abject a slavery of one to the other as has ever been witnessed in savage life." It may be difficult to determine which is most remarkable in this portion quoted, its arrogance, its cant and humbug, or its more than ridiculous stupidity. It would seem to be enough for human limits to allot to woman a fixed sphere of pots and kettles, dirty plates and dish-water, without pretending through a kind of spiritual harlotry, to enunciate such a notion as belonging to the Apostles. That that religion which makes its mark in goodness on human character, and exhibits its fruit in human conduct, should be construed into a net-work to hold woman in bondage, render her home a slave-pen, and strew her way to Heaven with penance and weapons of torture, cannot be excelled in absurdity, or cruelty, by any savage custom or Pagan Holocaust.

In a logical point of view, this part of his labors resolves itself into two propositions. First, that subordination is not inequality. And, to illustrate his meaning, he defines "subordination" to be "such as exists in the co-equal and co essential tri-unity of the Divine Persons." Now if no other meaning was practically marked upon the subordination which distinguishes the sexes, those who claim an enlargement of woman's rights, might well be silent. For whether we regard the tri-unity to be a divine truth, or merely an ecclesiastical ideality, or however we may differ about it, one thing is certain, the subordination, claimed to belong to it, is attended with co-equality. And if both Church and State surrounded the husband and wife, the man and the woman, with co-equal subordination only, it would be equally certain that no cause existed for further agitation of the subject of their relative rights. But unfortunately, the subordination complained of belongs only to one side, and in that consists the inequality. The Woman's Rights party do not aim to do away with subordination, but to temper it with co-equality, by imposing co-equal subordination on the other side; thereby effacing from the most sacred and intimate relations which one person can hold to another, all resemblances of master and slave.

And let us see if there is anything in such an effort doctrinally heterodox. We have a right to assume that it will not be denied by the most precise of the orthodox, that the husband and wife should be *one*, and, therefore, that all human customs and regulations should be so fashioned and directed as to produce a oneness as perfect as possible. In determining how that is best to be done, we may assume also a right to make use of and apply his own rule of divinity and logic. In speaking of the tri-unity of the Divine Persons, he says there could be no oneness there without co-equality. Well, then, how can there be any oneness in the marriage union without a corresponding co-equality of the parties? No one will deny that the Editor has reason and common sense, if not the Bible, to sanction the truthfulness of his tri-unity, co-equality and oneness. And to a like advantage, we have superadded common experience and common observation, to warrant the application of the same argument to the marriage unity. And if he has a right to reason by comparison of the divine to the secular, his mouth must be closed from accusing others of sacrilegious trifling for doing likewise. I say, we have common experience and common observation on our side, and I appeal to all to bear witness of the fact. God be thanked, society has many a husband and wife in whose respective relations there is a co-equality in all that concerns their common interests. They have overpassed ecclesiastical creeds and sacerdotal rescripts, with no feeling left like domination, as the prerogative of the one, and subordination as the divine appointment of the other. There is found the happy home, the charmed fireside, the rallying point of the family circle and the cherished spot of their recollections. On the contrary, in a household, regulated according to the law and spirit of the "ecclesia," is found discord, if not open and expressed, pent up and muttered: there, masculine authority thrusts its obtrusive nose into everything, from the cellar to the garret, finding fault in everything and with everybody, and making everybody else unhappy and itself contemptible. And well may we concur with the Editor, that there can be no oneness without co-equality.

The second proposition into which his labors resolve themselves, is, that the enfranchisement of woman with social and political privileges equal to man, would lead to an "unnatural mixture of habits, of office, of employments, of dress" and to a slavery and degradation below even the standard of savage life. Here we have again, in another form, the often repeated doctrine that leveling up woman, levels down man. In other words, that man, robbed of the greatness which he borrows from contrast with woman's weakness —a weakness not natural, but forced—becomes degraded; and the higher she rises, the lower he sinks; and only once let the woman get out of her "allotted sphere," and down goes the man below the degredation of savage life.

One might naturally suppose from the seriousness with which this notion is so often pressed, that those who entertain it, regard the position of man and woman to society as like two buckets, tied at either end of a rope suspended ovor a pulley, so that when one comes up, the other goes down; and they would seem to carry the similitude further, that the one which goes down, is empty.

The argument of the Editor is not new, and the absurdity of his positions has been too often exposed to require much further notice. The fallacy of his reasoning is too shallow to impose upon any degree of intelligence which can be enlightened. His whole argument ne e-sa i y presupposes that man, abating his superiority in brute force, is not the equal of woman: that he now has the advantage by having all the political power in his hands; that there is a natural antagonism between man and woman; and if the one should forego his advantage by allowing the other to assume political equality, he would necessarily be forced down from want of capacity to withstand her antagonism.

It also necessarily presupposes that woman, with all her superior capacity, has not the requisite sense to choose properly her position and employments, but must be forced by man into propriety; that, allowed to take her own course, she would crowd herself into employments and offices to the very great scandal of feminine delicacy; and, worse still, the naughty creature would appropriate to herself man's peculiar garment.

It also necessarily assumes that the Creator has allotted a particular sphere to woman, but fenced around it so poorly that she will jump out the moment she gets a chance; and, that therefore he has been driven to the dernier resort of employing man to guard the enclosure and keep her in.

Now whoever can credit all these assumptions which underlie his argument, is not worth saving. And unless he can believe every one of them, the argument falls to the ground. It is not the Editor's fault. He has made as good an argument as any one ever made, or can make, upon that side of this politico-religious question. It is the fault of the subject. Could we free ourselves from all the prejudices and superstitions, which during so many centuries have been piled upon us, this effort of Harper's Editor, and all kindred efforts, would appear as unique and incredible as those of the learned divines and jurists of two centuries since, in support of the existence and broomstick operations of Salem witches. SENEX.

HOW TO AVOID CONSUMPTION.

That the letter of N. P. Willis published on Friday last in the *Ledger*, is a melancholy picture of the insidious progress of that very fatal disease, consumption, no one denies. The combined mortality of the cholera and yellow fever has never equaled that of consumption alone, and probably never will. Yet the two first cause the greatest alarm. At the mere whisper of their approach, individuals study how to avoid them; public bodies expend large sums in sanitary precautions; and the newspaper press is filled with suggestions and advice. All this time consumption is slaying its tens of thousands annually, without any serious attempt being made to check its ravages or prevent its approach.

That consumption, when once seated, is incurable, has long been the verdict of the medical profession. The right way, therefore, is to avoid taking it. Nor is this so difficult a matter as is generally believed. Even when consumption has attacked a person, but has not become seated, its cure may be effected by a strict attention to diet and exercise, as was proved in the case of the venerable Dr. Parish, one of whose lungs was found cicatrized after his decease, as he had foretold it would be. How much more easily, therefore, may the access be prevented! If we avoid those things that conduce to it, if we fortify our body against its approaches, we are almost sure to secure exemption from it, even though, perhaps, constitutionally disposed to the disease.

It is amongst women that consumption finds most of its victims in America, as might be expected from their almost universal indifference to the preservation of health. The neglect to dress with sufficient warmth, or suitable to the season, is a general error of the sex. If the new winter cloak is not bought when a cold spell suddenly comes, the fall mantilla is still worn, because the last year's cloak is out of fashion. Through the same foolish vanity a light bonnet is continued when the temperature imperatively demands a thick, warm one. Can it be wondered at, if colds are caught? Or, when this mad conduct is persisted in year after year, that a series of colds end in consumption? There is one fatal habit of the sex, which has often been commented on, but alas! in vain; we mean the wearing thin shoes. The thickest gaiter worn by a woman, on the dampest day, is proverbially thinner in the sole, and lighter in the uppers, than the summer boots of gentlemen. Yet of the two sexes the female is not the hardiest by nature. Even when women wear gum overshoes, on slushy or rainy days, there is nothing to protect the ankles from the wet skirts. A man who should keep his feet and ankles damp continually, as ladies do theirs, in fall, winter and spring, would very soon be in his grave!

But this, though perhaps the most fatal, is not the only careless habit of which rich females are guilty. The winter balls, with which every large city and even rural district is overrun, offer opportunities for women to destroy their health, of which they would seem to avail themselves with malice prepense. As if the late hours, the indigestible suppers, the excessive excitement, and the over-crowded and ill-ventilated rooms were not sufficiently deleterious, they allow fashion to dictate to them a mode of attire for such festivals which is an almost certain provocative of colds, those foster-mothers of consumption. A ball dress, alike in its flimsy materials and in the style in which it is cut about the shoulders, is the very worst custom a woman can wear at a dancing party. If she participates in the amusements of the evening, she is sure to become heated. She is almost as sure afterwards to rush to a window, or into the hall, in order to cool herself. The consequences are that the pores are suddenly closed, and cold and fever superinduced. Under any circumstances such conduct would be perilous; but with a ball dress on it is almost certain danger. Four or five seasons of behavior like this would sap the health of a giant. Is it strange that it carries off so many of the young and beautiful?

There are still other causes for consumption. Some of these are such as are little expected. Hundreds of women die annually, for example, for want of fresh air. American females live proverbially too sedentary a life. Their time is spent in close, hot rooms; and often they do not take exercise enough; it is certain that, as a mass, they neglect inspiring exercise in the fresh out of-door air. Many a wife and mother who is fully awake to the folly of fashionable ball dresses, or even to the neatness of their shoes, yet sacrifices her life by sitting all day within doors, and often during winter in overheated rooms, and breathing impure air into her lungs. A cold, accidentally caught, perhaps without any fault of the victim, is often an almost certain precursor of consumption to such a woman, enervated by her in-door life as her constitution is.

It is the common cry that the variableness of our climate is the common cause of so much consumption. But quite half the mortality from this disease might be avoided, especially by the female sex. An old proverb says that "an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." In consumption, it is worth two of cure, for there is really no cure, and therefore prevention is everything.—*Phil. Ledger.*

ANOTHER RUM SELLER IN "DURANCE VILE."—Last Wednesday, Marshal Hackett proceeded to Palmyra, and arrested John Stahl, a rumseller of that town. He was arraigned before Justice Conant, of this village, when he plead guilty and was sentenced to 20 days imprisonment, and fined $50, and his rum-hole abated as a nuisance. Verily, the liquor traffickers in Portage Co. are getting into tight quarters!—*Portage Dem.*

Ill temper puts as many briefs into the lawyer's bag as injustice.

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, DECEMBER 1, 1854

FOR SALE.

About 300 lbs. of Bourgeois Type, nearly new, which will be sold at a bargain. Enquire of D. C. Bloomer, Mount Vernon, O.

☞We expected to have been able to make some announcement in this Number in regard to The Lily for another year; but have not succeeded in making an arrangement in time. There will probably be some change, but just what it will be we are unable to say till next No., which we hope to get out in good season.

SOMETHING STRANGE.

We recently heard great surprise expressed in certain quarters that a young lady residing in one of our Western cities, the daughter of a wealthy citizen, who enjoyed at home all the comforts and luxuries and attentions which wealth and respectability could secure, should engage in teaching. It was thought so strange that she should leave her father's house and go among comparative strangers, to engage in any kind of employment beyond that which usually occupies the attention of young ladies of wealthy families—fine dress, talk about the beaux, splendid parties and novel reading.

And this feeling in the present state of society is perfectly natural. Women have for years been taught that they were not to make anything by their own industry, and that if they could only in some way secure the means to gratify their desire for display, nothing more was needed. Hence young ladies who have rich parents, or brothers, or friends to support them, never dream of doing anything to support themselves. Their brothers engage in business, no matter how well off they may be. It would be disgraceful for them to pass away their days in idleness—but young ladies—ah! they must not soil their delicate hands and delicate dresses, or encumber their thoughts with anything that looks like labor or business. What is highly reputable in their brothers is disreputable in them, and so they pass away their days in idleness and folly.

This is all wrong. Every woman should have some useful occupation—every young woman, no matter how wealthy her father may be, should engage in some business or employment whereby she may earn for herself the means necessary to her own support. Young men of wealth secure for themselves a good education, and then enter either upon business or professional life. So also should young women. They should despise the listless, meaningless, aimless life to which they are now devoted—break the trammels which custom has bound about them, and learn to think and act for themselves, and to rely upon themselves in all the emergencies of life.

To us it seems a matter deserving the highest praise when a young lady of wealth and talent rises superior to the position which custom has assigned her, and goes forth from the follies of fashionable life to engage in some useful employment, whereby she may cultivate the powers of her mind, and secure for herself an honorable independence. Such instances, though still rare, are more frequent than formerly, and they evidence a change in public sentiment in favor of the rights and duties of woman.

We were particularly pleased in noticing the following paragraph which we cut from an exchange paper:

Women's Rights —In Winchester, Va., Mr. J. Wysong informs the citizens that he has associated with him in the mercantile business his daughter Virginia, and that hereafter business will be conducted under the style and firm of J. Wysong & Daughter. This may be called a "fair business transaction.

Let merchants generally follow the example of the Virginia merchant, and we shall not long hear surprise manifested when a young lady who has a father able to support her, chooses to be independent and support herself. It will then be as unfashionable and disreputable not to be employed in some business, as it now is to be so employed. And one-half of the money now spent on fine dress and fashionable follies will be invested in bank or railroad stock, in lands, or in some lucrative business. Fathers, try the experiment.

WOMAN AN EVANGELIST.

The question is frequently forcibly presented to many earnest and sincere minds, why should not woman be engaged in teaching religious truth?—or in other words, why should she not aid in evangelizing the world? Certainly there is need enough for her to do so. The supply of religious teachers is rapidly falling off, and men are reluctant to enter the clerical profession—from what cause we will not now stop to enquire. As a consequence of this dearth of religious teachers, religion itself suffers, and the places of religion become more and more deserted.

Here then is a field upon which woman should enter, and in which she might be the means of doing much good. No one can pretend that she is not fitted for the discharge of its duties. As a teacher she greatly excels; and this capacity to teach is the leading qualification for the discharge of the duties of an evangelist. As a teacher in Sunday Schools and assistant at missionary stations, both at home and in foreign lands, woman has shown ability to impart religious truth with fidelity. Let the higher responsibility of a religious teacher, in the full meaning of the term, be devolved upon her and she will be found capable of succeeding equally well.

She cannot be denied the opportunity of assuming this position on account of lack of religious feeling or conviction, for in both these respects she is, to say the least, not inferior to man—and we have often been told by him that she was greatly his superior. Woman is in her feelings naturally religious, and this natural bent of her mind should be turned to good account by directing it into a channel where it will be expended in impressing that feeling upon others. The earnestness and fervor of her pleadings would make a deep impression upon the minds of the sinful world about her, and she could often induce men to pause in their career of worldly aggrandizement, when the warning voice of man would fall idly upon the ear.

Nor is there anything in the calling itself that forbids woman to engage in it. She received the first commission to proclaim the news of a risen Savior to the world; and throughout the writings of the Apostles honorable mention is frequently made of women as co-workers with them in spreading a knowledge of the gospel. In the early days of the Christian church, women filled the office of deacon; and it was only after the church was corrupted that the ministry of woman disappears.

We might justly expect the most beneficent results to flow from the labors of woman as an evangelist. Her voice would be listened to, and her pleadings would find a response in the great heart of humanity.

NEW YORK ELECTION.

The result of the late election in New York turns out better than at first reported. Mr. Clark, the Whig, Anti-Nebraska and Maine Law candidate, is elected, notwithstanding Rum, Know Nothingism and Silver Grayism had determined he should be beaten. This result however does not in the least exonerate those temperance men from blame who deserted their own candidate and voted for Ullman. Had their votes been given for Clark, as they ought to have been, his majority would have been counted by tens of thousands instead of being, as it now is, less than three hundred, all told. We think it will be hard for those professed temperance men who voted the Know Nothing ticket, to satisfactorily explain their conduct. They deserted their posts at the very hour when true soldiers were most needed, and thus exposed their cause and their candidates to overthrow and defeat.

The new legislature is also said, by the *Tribune* and other papers, to be strongly in favor of the Maine Law. Many Democratic counties have elected decided Maine Law men, while in some of the Whig counties men opposed to prohibition are elected. In looking over the list, we notice that the heretofore Democratic counties have done better for Clark and the Maine Law than the Whig counties—owing to the fact, we suppose, that a large vote was cast for the Know Nothings. But amid all this political medley and confusion we heartily rejoice that the right has triumphed and the Empire State will in all probability be blessed at an early day with the Maine Law.

The lecturing season has fairly commenced, and we notice that in most cities and large villages throughout the country Literary Associations have made arrangements to secure lectures from many of the most distinguished speakers of the day. In this city, efforts are being made to secure a course of lectures, but with what prospects of success we have not learned. Mount Vernon should not be behind its sister cities in this respect. It has wealth enough to enable it to secure the first class of speakers from abroad; and had it not, it has talent enough at home, we should judge, to fill up the winter profitably to its citizens. We hope the idea of a course of lectures will not be abandoned.

We are glad to see that women are doing their part in the lecturing field again this winter. Antoinette L. Brown has recently been lecturing in Cincinnati. Lucy Stone is lecturing in Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Frances D. Gage in this State. Mrs. C. M. Severance has given several lectures in Indiana. Mrs. E. Oakes Smith is also again in the field, and several others of less note. We shall endeavor to take a part in this work ere long, and do what we may to awaken a feeling in behalf of woman's cause.

Acknowledgments.—Letters containing money for The Lily have been received from the following persons since our last number was issued:

Wm. Werner, Jane Frohock, M. M. Stevenson, L. O. Mason, F. W. Fenner, Jno. Lundy, Elda Hadley, Susan R. P. Piper, Sarah Lakin, R. B. Baynes, R. H. Ward, Mrs. O. L. Rider.

TEMPERANCE IN OHIO.

We notice with pleasure that efforts are being made in different sections of this State to enforce the Liquor law passed at the last session of the Legislature; and they are in a great measure successful. In many places, like Ravenna, the traffic in intoxicating drinks has been almost entirely suppressed by the enforcement of this law. We are glad to see this law enforced, both on account of the direct good it will do, and because it serves to keep alive the temperance feeling and to prepare the people for action in the coming campaign. Were no attention paid to this law, and the traffic suffered to be carried on peaceably, we fear temperance men would grow cold and indifferent on the subject, and it would be hard rousing them to future action. It is better to keep the fires burning than to suffer them to go out, and then have to kindle them up anew.

A great battle is to be fought in this State during the next year; and it is to be hoped that every temperance soldier will be found with armor on, ready to do good service in the cause of justice and right. Some plan of action will probably be determined upon by the convention to be held in Columbus, in January, and then the work of preparing to elect a Maine Law Legislature will commence in earnest.

We wish we could say that the Women's State Society would do its part of the work; but we dare make no promises in its behalf. We fear that those connected with it whose business it is to lay plans and pull the wires, are not prepared to take hold of the work in earnest and carry it on efficiently. The Society wants galvanizing into new life, and to be placed under the control of a determined, fearless executive committee, who will not only throw themselves into the work, but who will send forth agents to lecture and plead in its behalf, and in behalf of the cause.

The time for the Annual meeting of the Society is drawing near, and though their labors the past year, as a society, have amounted to nothing, we are not without hope that they will be stimulated to noble deeds in the future, and that they may hit upon some plan of action at the Annual meeting, for carrying the cause vigorously forward during the winter and ensuing summer.

Laborers are greatly needed here. Will not some or all the women who have labored so untiringly in New York, come to the aid of Ohio in her coming struggle? We think they could well be spared for a season, and we know of no field more needing their labors than this. There are, no doubt, as many good temperance women here as elsewhere, but they have not learned that it is woman's right and duty to labor publicly as well as privately in the cause. The presence among them of those who have done good service in other sections, and whose names are widely known and their doings honored, would inspire them with new zeal and stimulate them to action.

We hope the agents of the Women's N. Y. State Society will think of this, and that they will conclude to lend a helping hand to Ohio, during the next campaign, by making this State the field of their labors.

☞By a letter from Rev. Antoinette L. Brown we learn that she resigned the charge of the church in South Butler, of which she was Pastor, a few months since, on account of her health. She is now at her father's, in Henrietta, N. Y. Her health is improving, and she hopes after a few months to be well enough to locate again.

A Reformer Gone.—We are pained to learn, as we do by the Herkimer *Journal* of the 23rd ult., that our good friend E. M. Griffing, is no more. He died at his residence in Little Falls, N. Y., on the 17th ult. Mr. Griffing for two or three years past has been a warm friend of The Lily, and has labored untiringly to extend its circulation. He has in that time sent us hundreds of subscribers and written us many cheering and encouraging letters. Personally we were a stranger to him—never having met him till last June, when we accepted an invitation from him to visit him in his own home. We found him in miserable health, and left him with the feeling that his stay on earth was short.

Mr. Griffing commenced the publication of the first newspaper published at Little Falls. It was entitled the "*People's Friend.*" He continued its publication for thirteen years, when it passed into other hands. He has since at different times been engaged in the publication of two or three other papers. Speaking of him as a reformer, the *Journal* says:

Years ago he became convinced of the exceeding sinfulness of the Southern laws in relation to slavery, or human bondage, and gave in his hearty adherence to, and co-operation with, the Liberty, or Anti-Slavery party, to the day of his death. He was also a strong, firm, unflinching advocate of the cause of temperance. On the day of the last election, he issued a small handbill headed "My last Temperance Appeal," in which he urged his fellow-citizens to elect candidates in favor of a Maine prohibitory law. His pen was ever ready to plead the cause of the poor, unfortunate inebriate's family. Indeed, every good, noble and praiseworthy cause found in him a ready advocate.

He has left a wife and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

☞Mrs. Sarah E. Nowell, the popular Post Mistress of Chelsea, Mass., who has conducted the affairs of the office for some years greatly to everybody's satisfaction, has been turned out of the office to make room for Gideon W. Young, one of Mr. Polk's appointees in the Boston Custom House, and who has held his office for eight years. A Massachusetts paper remarks that it knows of no other reason for the removal than that Mrs. N.'s husband, who died some six or eight years since, was a Whig.—*New London Chronicle.*

Better say for no other reason than because Gideon W. Young was envious of her popularity and her salary, and wished to appropriate both to himself. He probably thought it a place better adapted to the capacity of a broad-shouldered, big-fisted man than to the more delicate frame of woman. He no doubt belongs to that class of men who think woman's sphere is confined to the cook stove and needle, while man may claim the lighter labor of selling ribbons and tape, mailing letters, &c. The Post Master General, or President, who could turn a woman out of such a situation, for any other cause than unfaithfulness, shows himself guilty of the most contemptible meanness; while he who accepts the place thus vacated deserves to be hissed out of the community.

"A Valuable Convert."—As will be seen by an article under this head taken from the *Liberator*, Henry Ward Beecher has declared himself in favor of the right of suffrage to woman. His opinion will indeed be valuable to our cause, and many will through him be led to think seriously on the subject who have hitherto turned a deaf ear to all the arguments and pleadings that have been uttered in favor of woman's rights. Verily, the cause of woman is onward!

I. O. OF G. T.

It will be seen by an official notice which we give below, that a Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars was to be organized for this State on the 30th ult. It is not a year since the first Lodge was instituted in this State. The rapid increase and success which has attended the Order thus far is matter of congratulation to its members, and now that we have a Grand Lodge organized, we may confidently expect a still greater increase in the year to come.

☞GRAND LODGE NOTICE.—The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. of G. T. of North America will be held at Corning on the 5th of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

It is desirable that the Lodges in each District should unite in recommending some person for their District Deputy. Should no recommendations be made, it will be taken for granted that this matter will be left in the hands of the Grand Officers, and the appointments will be made accordingly. H. P. BARNES, G. W. S.

☞NORICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a Grand Lodge of the I. O. of G. T. will be organized at Hamilton City, Canada West on the 21st inst., commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

A Grand Lodge will also be organized at Iowa City for the State of Iowa on the 4th inst., commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

And one at Alliance, for the State of Ohio, on the 30th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M.

H. P. BARNES, G. W. S.

Ithaca, Nov. 8, 1854.

Proxy Representation.

A lady friend in a private letter thus gives expression to her feelings on the subject of proxy representation:

"This is election day—a day which for the last three years has stirred up feelings within me which I cannot express. * * * My husband has gone to election to vote for himself *and me*—notwithstanding he is electioneering against a man whom I would gladly see elected, and would vote for were it in my power; believing him to be a much better man than a majority of those sent to make our laws. I do not blame my husband; I would not deprive him of the privilege of doing as he thinks best. We cannot always see alike, although the law recognizes us as only *one person*—my identity having been swallowed up in him the day I promised to "love, honor and obey."

The Western Home Visitor has greatly improved in appearance since its removal to Columbus. It is very neatly printed and ably conducted, and is, we believe, the best literary paper in the West. We would bespeak for it a generous support.

E. A. Higgins publisher and proprietor. Terms $2,00 a year, in advance.

Progress.—The city of Brooklyn, N. Y., has elected Gen. Hall, the Maine Law candidate for Mayor, and a thorough going temperance man, by 5,000 majority. In New York city seven members of the Assembly favorable to the Maine Law are elected; among whom is that tried and true friend of the measure, C. C. Leigh.

☞We see by the papers that Mrs. Frances D. Gage has been lecturing in Columbus. Sorry she did not pay our city a visit. Our citizens are not so much of a lecture-going people as some, but we think they would have given her a good house.

☞Since the removal of the *Visitor* to Columbus, The Lily is printed at the office of the *Republican*, where those subscribers who get their papers at the office will find it.

For The Lily.

THE MODERN BELLE.

BY ELIZA BISBEE.

Look at her! Of course I shall! She'd be disappointed if I didn't. She expects to be looked at; else why that studied arrangement in her dress? why that mincing, affected step? True, she may blush, and feign confusion when she is met by a broad stare; but that is nothing—merely an art to make the deception perfect.

Why are her ringlets so faultlessly arranged? why the rose-tint so delicately painted upon her cheek? why is she literally loaded down with jewelry—rings, chains and pins? Why every article of dress put on with an eye to display, if it is not all to be looked at and admired? She lives on flattery and admiration, and would pine without it. I always give her a broad stare when I meet her.

There is nothing natural about her; all is art and affectation. She has been taught from earliest infancy that all that was required of her sex was to make themselves agreeable to the opposite sex, and pass away life in the most pleasant and careless manner. Never has the idea entered her head that she was created for a higher and nobler destiny than that of a toy and pet for the amusement of persons of the other sex every. whit as brainless as herself. Never yet, in fact, has an idea entered her head; or if such an unprecedented event ever happened, it perished, for want of company. She doats upon her delicacy and dependence; and shuns with horror anything that would tend to make her useful to her fellow beings.

I might do her injustice, if I said her mind takes not a literary turn; for does she not devour, with an avidity worthy of a better object, all the cheap, trashy literature of the day? Is she not well versed in the last new novel? And can she not repeat every word of that "beautiful poetry" that some love-sick, would-be poet has addressed to his inamorita?

Her conversation is perfectly sickening. She is posted up in the love affairs and falling out of Mr. Fitz Humbug and Miss Butterfly—can enumerate every article of Mrs. Dash's apparel, and reveal to you the secret of its price—can inform you of the particulars of Miss Henrietta Matilda Heartless' flirtation with Mr. Adolphus Peacock—and if you chance to be an intimate friend, (thank heaven for your escape, if you are not) will impart to you a knowledge of the state of her own feelings in regard to a certain person who has been paying his addresses to her. But if you introduce for a topic of conversation, the character and merits of some star just arisen in the literary firmament, or ask her opinion on some subject of general interest, as the affairs of the government, or some opinion on a given subject that claims for itself consideration, she will answer with a yawn, that she "knows nothing about it; and thinks it out of a lady's place to trouble her head about such matters—she should leave them to the men."

She is always informed in regard to the last new fashion, and goes into ecstacies over "a love of a bonnet;" and the death of a pet canary or poodle, or the misfit of an article of dress, will cause as much grief, apparently, as we would expect her to manifest on the death of a friend, or over some great misfortune. At least there is no lack of tears and protestations of sorrow. She is a great stickler for etiquette, and regards the fulfillment of its rules of more importance than the keeping of the ten commandments. If she is lucky enough to ensnare some brainless coxcomb, and gets married, (woe to her if she becomes an old maid) she knows nothing of the duties of a wife and mother. Her husband soon learns to seek pleasure at other places than home, and her children are handed over to the tender mercies of nurses and hirelings, for "surely she don't wish to be troubled with them!" And when her daughters are old enough, they are sent away to boarding schools, and go through the same process of education she herself has gone through; and finally become the same thoughtless, frivolous beings that she was before them. Thus she lives; and when she dies, she is mourned by no one, missed by no one. Earth is better without, than with her; for she is a drone in the hive—a clog in the way of the car of progress.

I always turn with a sigh from the contemplation of such a character; and such compose a large class of females at the present day. I might say something in regard to the same class of persons of the other sex, who are quite as numerous; but it would be but a repetition of the above character, only I fear that justice would compel me to draw a worse picture.

There is something in life that the votary of fashion and folly can never know—can never realize. It is a something that raises the mind above the cares and disappointments of life; something that occupies it constantly, and leaves no place for discontent, envy, hatred and pride to enter, and affect the heart with their baneful influence.

For The Lily.

Do Women ever do any hard work?

It is a very common saying by many persons who are opposed to the Woman's Rights question, that the women never claim the right to do any of the hard and laborious work; all they want is the right to do any of the easy kind, and leave the hard work for the men to do.

But such is not the fact; and if such objectors would take a journey into Europe they would find that the women did their share of hard work as well as men, particularly in Germany and France. Also in England, go into the harvest fields, and you will find the women reaping down the wheat all day long, and receiving the same wages as the men; go into the hay fields and the women are there; look into the fields of barley, beans, oats, peas and turnips, and the women are there; 'tis true they don't do any of the mowing, but they perform various sorts of labor there, the like of which is seldom seen in this country; to be sure a great deal of it is of a very healthy character, and has a beneficial effect upon the constitution.

You will find the women in all the large Gardens, Shrubberies and Orchards at work; and in the Dairies, there they are, milking the cows, and making the butter and cheese.

Go into the Iron Districts, and you will see the women, both married and single, at the forges working Iron, and receiving the same wages as the men, for the same kind of work, particularly where they forge nails and rivets—likewise they work at the needle and fish-hook manufacturing.

Go into the towns, and there you will see them serving customers in all kinds of stores—attending to, working at, and carrying on all kinds of trades, sorting and packing up all sorts of goods in factories and warehouses; they do all kinds of weaving, dyeing, knitting, spinning, and sewing of all kinds of articles in use; they work at the shoe trade, and not a hat made but they have a hand at it; some you will find, keep Post offices, teach school, and preach the gospel; others employ their time in doctoring, nursing and attending on the sick; some you will find in Bake-houses, making bread and various other things made in such places; and in butcher's shops I have seen them cut up carcasses equal to men, and for Barbers they can't be beat. Others go out washing clothes, and brewing beer all day long, and which are very different operations to anything you see done here; besides a great many of them have to attend to their own house affairs as well; so that woman's work is said to be never done; and now tell me, if women don't work hard, who does?

J. BISSELL.

It is not necessary to go to Europe to find hard working women, for it is not alone in England, Germany and France that women do hard work. They may be found nearer home. Though the women of those countries may engage in different employment from those of the women of this country, yet we think the laboring women of the United States perform as hard labor as is done by men. Many of the employments mentioned by our friend we should not regard as any harder than toiling over the wash tub all day, or house-cleaning, or even the labor of the kitchen, where one has to do all the work of a large family. Indeed, we think it would be a happy change—so far at least as health is concerned—were our women permitted to go into the hay fields, the fields of barley, beans, oats, peas and turnips—the gardens, shrubberies and orchards to labor, instead of being confined, as many of them now are, to the drudgery of the wash tub and cook stove, and shut out from the pure air and bright sunshine.

The advocates of Women's Rights do not "claim the right of woman to do hard and laborious work," for that right is freely accorded her now. But they do claim the right of woman to choose her own employments, and to decide for herself whether she shall do the laborious work of the kitchen, or engage in some of the lighter, pleasanter and more healthy branches of business now monopolized by men. They claim the right of each individual to do what they have capacity for doing well, without regard to sex.—[Eb.

Temperance in Cleveland.

An exciting and important contest is now going on in Cleveland, between the venders of liquor and the friends of temperance, who are determined to put down the sale. The *Leader* says:

"Eigty-five of the principal retailers of liquors in this city, embracing several leading hotels and saloons, were arrested on Saturday, on affidavits filed before Justice Philpot, and brought up before the magistrate charged with violating the new Liquor Law. Four of them waived an examination, and were bound over to the Probate Court for trial.

"This battle is between the Carson League on one side and the Retail Liquor Dealers on the other. The whole strength and influence of both parties, backed up by money and counsel, will be brought to bear. The League has nearly $100-000 in stock subscription, and, if successful in this instance, expect to swell the fund to $500,-000 before next spring. The number of holders of stock is several hundred, embracing many of the most wealthy men in the city. The mode of prosecution on the part of the League is very simple. A committee of three is appointed, who employ counsel, procure witnesses, and follow the arrests to final judgment. The liquor seller is first arrested and examined before a Justice, under the first or second section, as the case may be, then passed over to the Probate Judge, and tried for the fact by a jury, the State being plaintiff, and Williamson the prosecutor. If the jury render a verdict of Guilty, the Judge is obliged to fine and imprison. The day after the expiration of the sentence, the League may begin a new prosecution, and repeat it as often as the law is violated. It is of no use to appeal the case on the grounds of the unconstitutionality of the law, as the Supreme Court has held it to be constitutional.

"The League has abundance of money to employ counsel and hunt up witnesses. On the other hand, the Liquor Dealers are pretty stiff in the back bone, and will make a formidable fight. They have employed six able lawyers to defend them, and seem confident of victory in the end.

"The Johnson House has quit the business, and others are preparing to follow the example. Half a dozen retailers were arrested last week in Warrensville and bound over. We expect to see prosecutions commenced all over the State."

—It is stated that there is a great commotion among the hotel keepers in Washington. They have remonstrated to the Board of Aldermen against the operation of the liquor law, which went into effect on the 1st of Nov.

There are only 68 inmates in the Vermont Pentientiary. The operation of the Temperance law of that State is said to be the cause of the decrease.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Letter from "Uncle Sam."

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—"Aunt Fanny" is right about the fashions. The love of dress and display—the extravagant competition among the wealthy—the aping of the rich by the poor, with all the attendant dissipation, producing as an inevitable result envy, bankruptcy, dishonesty, poverty, want and extreme suffering, are truly alarming. But while she and other kindred minds are suggesting a remedy, I wish to point out what I deem a still more alarming, and more extensive evil. I had thought until recently that *groggeries* were the most perfect banes that ever cursed society. But while our whole moral army have been directing their batteries against those schools of vice, where adults alone were taught self-abasement, they have suffered to grow up in our very midst still more artful and insinuating schools, where innocent and unsuspecting children are taught intemperance and spendthrift from their very infancy.

I hardly need inform you that I refer to our confectionery shops and saloons for refreshments. I know that many of our respectable dealers will think it impertinent, even in "Uncle Sam" himself, to speak contemptuously of such popular business. Just as if it is unmanly for that broad-chested, big-fisted Mr. Masculine, who, as Mrs. Partington says, 'stands six feet in his stockings," to stoop away down over his counter and receive from Miss two year-old Ella a whole *cent*—the original cost, freight and fifth profit on the stick of candy she has received, by due course of trade, in exchange!

Stand aside petticoats! ! Don't encroach upon man's sphere! ! !

I well remember when the business of the rum-seller was equally popular, and their effect no more feared than the vending of confectioneries at the present.

Intemperance in drinking has been mostly confined to one sex, and comparatively few boys were under its direct temptations until their habits were partially formed; while almost the entire female sex were arrayed against the practice. But this species of intemperance embraces the whole mass of both sexes. Almost the first habit now formed in childhood, is that of spending. Every cent earned, and all that can be obtained from parents, goes forthwith for something to gratify the appetite. It stops not here. It is a common sight to see little boys and girls begging dimes of strangers—then, the next step is, to pilfer a part of what is entrusted to them for the purchase of other articles; and even contract debts at the shops with only their own "promise-to-pay."

While they are thus progressing in spendthrift, their appetites keep pace, until so vitiated that they positively loathe their customary food. From candies of every hue, and ice-creams of every flavor, they go on to lemonades, cordials, small beer, strong beer, ale, wines, &c, &c., to the end of the chapter. All the while, parents are wondering why their children are so afflicted with tootache, headache and debility—why they are so teazing, so fretful, and so impatient of restraint; why, after so much indulgence, they cannot be more interested in their work and studies.

And so matters go until manhood and womanhood. At this important era parents begin to discover that their children— sons especially, (as evil habits in them are less restrained, being considered less vicious than in daughters) are not only irreclaimable spendthrifts, but confirmed gormands and tiplers. And they wonder on, and can not imagine how, nor where, nor when, their ungrateful offspring contracted those ruinous habits!

Now my dear Daughter, I look for aid especially from you and your sister laborers in the moral war; and while aiming at universal reform, please add this most subtle evil to the long list of moral wrongs that are now blasting the hopes and happiness of so many of our citizens; and may a glorious victory be achieved. I know too well your fettered condition. Would to God that the moral power existing in the better half of humanity could but break the chains of brute force that now bind it in legal silence, and that it could speak forth from the ballot box. Our suffering citizens might then soon be brought under wholesome protective laws, until a more perfect development of their moral powers overcame their sensual appetites. From your affectionate

UNCLE SAM.

UNITED STATES DEPOT, Nov., 1854.

THE INDIANA CONVENTION.

The following resolutions were adopted at the late Woman's Rights Convention held at Indianapolis:

Resolved, That the sole object of the Woman's Rights movement is to promote the elevation and happiness of our race, by a more extended application of the principles of equal rights.

Resolved, That woman's inherent and natural right to herself is as true, her individual sovereignty as sacred, her social independence as important, and her right to her estate, her earnings, and her choice of occupation, as natural and self-evident as are man's; and for these rights and immunities we will make the same asseverations, and demand them in the name of a common humanity.

Resolved, That every advantage, educational, professional, pecuniary and political, should be secured to her which may assist in developing her physically, elevating her intellectually, and purifying herself spiritually, that she may best fit herself for the discharge of the momentous responsibilities devolving upon her as MOTHER OF MAN.

Resolved, That all laws which make a distinction on account of sex, or give to the husband pecuniary advantage over the wife, and empower him to demand and appropriate her estate or her earnings to himself, are pre-eminently unjust and unworthy of man, and should be speedily erased from statute books.

Resolved, That the usages of society which debar woman's entrance into college, or other institutions of learning, the arts, sciences, professions, or other vocations of life, which afford more ample remuneration of services rendered, are equally oppressive and unjust, and should be condemned and abolished.

Resolved, That we will use our utmost endeavors to put into *practice* that now almost universally acknowledged part of our platform, that labor should be rewarded, *not* according to the sex of the worker, but according to the work performed; believing that when this is accomplished, it will be as honorable for woman to engage early in life in some lucrative employment as for man.

Resolved, That as in the family are placed the two sexes in respect and harmony, and as in fellowship they go through life, so should they be educated together in schools and colleges, without selection of studies or limitation of time, on account of sex.

Resolved, That in this movement we seek to promote peace and harmony, to remove causes of jealousies, suspicion, and antagonism, and th t we will endeavor to create a determined, permanent and general will of the people in favor of our aims, and thus speedily accomplish.

Among the resolutions offered by Mrs. Gage, which were adopted, we find the following:

Resolved, That while we will make all due effort in other ways to elevate woman, the right of suffrage is, in our opinion, the BASIS of our enterprise, since we do not seek to place woman under man's protection, but to give her the power to protect herself.

Resolved, That when she has her rights, as she should, to the ballot-box, it will be her own fault if the unequal and unjust laws, demoralizing and degrading, because unjust and unequal, be not annulled.

Resolved, That we do not claim equal rights for the sex on the plea of physical or intellectual equality, or any other point of view. It is enough for our purpose that the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America proclaims all men born equal—that taxation without representation is tyranny—that all just Governments derive their power from the consent of the governed.

Resolved, That as we are held responsible t this Government for our crimes—taxed without our consent for its support, both in our labor and property—it becomes a self-evident fact that we should enjoy the same privilege as men to suffrage and representation.

The next convention will be held at Indianapolis. Mrs. Elda Smith is President, and Mrs. A. W. Prugn, Secretary, for the ensuing year.

A VALUABLE CONVERT.—We understand that Henry Ward Beecher opened the Lyceum course at Worcester last Friday with his new lecture on 'Patriotism;' and took occasion to avow himself a convert to the doctrine of *women's voting*! ! He then justified his position at some length, meeting in his own powerful way the arguments against this reform. So far from its producing greater confusion at the polls, he declared that the presence of women was the only thing that could make them decent places. The American respect he thought would show itself instantly there. Let a son walk to the ballot box with his mother, fearlessly and with diguity, or a husband and wife—and men would fall back to let them pass; and if any one interfered to molest them, the crowd would instantly swallow him up, as the whale swallowed Jonah.

Finally, he predicted, that though he might not live to see this reform, it was as certain to come as the earth to continue its motion.

The only inconsistency in his remarks was expressing a hope that his wife and sisters would never wish to *speak* in public, though *he would not oppose it if they did*. Probably, however, this remark will do good, by making the rest of his statement more palpable to his hearers. Women need no one to assert their right to speak in public, for they have secured that already. But his voice, in asserting their right to the elective franchise, is worth a good deal to them.—*Liberator.*

LONG SKIRTS.—It is readily admitted that female attire throws serious impediments in the way of female gardening. But hardly more than their walking; for if they can work anywhere except on a floor, they can work in the gardens. The fact is, these long skirts are one of the greatest evils of the age. Scarcely less than intemperperance. Nor am I sure they are not even greater; for they keep the sex in-doors, and prevent much muscular exercise, even motion; and this muscular inertia is fast deteriorating the race, by rendering our women so weekly as mothers, and their children so feeble that half of them die before their seventh year. As the tight-lacing of the past generation has so weakened our females that many children are dying off prematurely, so the sweepingly long skirts of the present age are paving the way for the increased disease of the future generation, as well as diminishing the number born. They outrage taste, utility and decency, and are murderously injurious to both wearers and those yet unborn. And it is time they were pub'icly rebuked. They should be ridiculed, pointed at, even hissed, as we would a female drunk, or guilty of any other outrage on herself and children.—*Phrenological Journal.*

THE TWAIN NOT ONE.—A Michigan democratic editor, who is firm in the faith of his party, happens to have a wife who is just as firm a whig. The editor having been obliged to leave home while party feeling was running high, his wife took the management of the paper during his absence. Pretty soon her whig principles proved too strong for resistance, and finding it difficult to write against conscience, she set to work with a will and penned some flaming whig leaders, which duly appeared in the daily editions of the paper, much to the astonishment of its usual readers. The democratic partner of the firm happened accidentally to fall in with a copy of his journal during his trip, and his surprise may be imagined when he found its editorial columns laboring to impress upon the public mind the soundness of whig, and the rottenness of democratic doctrine. —*Ex.*

A Wall Street liquor dealer has been sentenced to 60 days imprisonment for forging labels to affix to spurious champagne.

For The Lily.

A Parody.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

What were they? you ask, you shall presently see:
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no; so uniquely constructed were they,
They diff'rence of sex and gender could weigh,
And nicely adjust the diff'rence immense
'Twixt masculine gas and feminine sense.

Of course our philosopher oft would engage
To test his miraculous, wonderful guage,
And tell by experiments, managed most nice,
The value of things in less than a trice.

When once I intended to make him a call,
I found him from home, and hid in the wall
To see his maneuvers when he returned,
And thus his machine for logic I learned.

The first thing he weighed was Madame de Stael,
With all of the logic which made her foes reel
Before her serene and ponderous mind,
Commanding respect from all human kind.

A groggery scavenger in for a weight,
With all his bombastic, swaggering gait,
His caput and face, of sap, fuller and brass,
Than any balloon of hydrogen gas;
When suddenly down came lordship and suit,
And 'tother went up in astonishment mute,
With blinking of eyes, and rustling of hair,
The Madame was jerked to uppermost air!

Next time he put in Semiramis of yore,
With others from modern European shore;
Old Britain's Elizabeth, Spain's Isabelle,
And "lesser lights" far too numerous to tell,
Who empires had swayed, with magic built up,
And drank to their fill of Fame's foaming cup.

For a weight he threw in a monkey mustached,
Just fresh from the dregs of cowardice hatched;
Than any whipped spaniel more cringing and mean,
In everything manly more meagre and lean
Than even starvation's shadowy form;
But scarce had he touched the scale when the swarm
Of empresses flew up high overhead,
And down monkey came like mercury, lead.

Then other's true worth proceeded to show,
Our matronly Farnham; "aunt Ha'r't Beecher Stowe;"
And ten thousand more, benignant and mild,
All into one balance together were piled,
And strange as t may seem, were collective out weighed,
When singly with the other was laid
A smoky and torn, old scrap of a leaf,
Bedaubed with the head of a huge whiskered thief.

A blue-stocking batch, assorted with care,
Of matrons and maidens wonderf'ly fair,
Were all sent aloft whe happened to drop
The substanceless shadow of soft Mr. Fop.

Then quickly was sent beyond the white clouds
Reformers of late who gathered in crowds,
To talk about dress, political rights;
Of woman's true sphere, and other new lights;
When into one scale some words chanced to fall
From lips of green and minute Mr. Small

And not mountains of womanly sense could outweigh
One magical word, 'twas *masculinity*,
Its alchemical powers transmuted to gold
What happened to fall in its shadow's broad fold.

At last the whole sex was bowled in at the grate,
With a masculine blockhead to serve for a weight,
When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof,
While the scale with the fool in't fell clashed into bits,
And jerked the philosopher out of his wits.

Gibson, July, 1854.

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

A TRUE STORY.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys—it's so risky—thy father's to be the last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all day amongst the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart pursued his way to his father, and leaving him at his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father and a number of other workmen had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which in our great manufacturing towns almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that has been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling sight. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and polls. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all around to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long loud cheer; little Tom shouted as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above! "The rope! The rope!" The men looked round, and, coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney for Tom's father to come down by. The scaffolding had been taken down without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney; or if they could it would have hardly been safe. They stood in silence and dismay, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety. And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he had lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual, with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children, in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his face was as white as ashes; and he could hardly get his words out, "Mother! Mother! He canna get down."

"Who, lad? Thy father?" asked the mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. His mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with a face of sorrow. "He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He is going to throw himself down."

"Thee munna do that, lad!" cried the wife with clear, hopeful voice; "thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad; and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stocking, unraveled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it up. It stopped—the string had reached her husband. "Now hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy, and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She had hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them?—would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart. She did not know that as he waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God." She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother, he's safe," cried little Tom. "Thou'st saved me, Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? Thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it." But Mary could not speak; and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy, after such great fear, had overcome her. "Tom," said his father, "let thy mother lean upon thy shoulder, and we will take her home." They poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness: and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the nearness that the danger brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?—*English S. S. Magazine*

DIED.—At Horseheads, Chemung Co., Oct. 26, of Consumption, MARY A., wife of Franklin C. Bloomer, aged 28 years.

At Urbana, Ill., Oct. 16, of Lung fever, CHARLES K. SUTTON, aged 22 years.

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